

DIOGENES LANTHORNE

In Athens, I seek for honest men,
But I shall finde them God knows when.
Rowlands, Samuel



He search the Citie, where if I can see
One honest man, he shall goe with me.

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Prologue.

A N odde dayes worke *Diogenes* once made,
And t'was to seeke an honest man he said,
Through Athens with a Candle hee did goe,
When People saw no cause hee should doe soe.
For it was day-light, and the Sunne did shine,
Yet hee vnto an Humour did incline:
To check mens manners with some od cross-iest,
Whereof hee was continually possiest.
Full of reproofes, where hee abuses found,
And bould to speake his minde, who euer found.
Hee spake as free to *Alexanders* Face;
As if the meanest Plow-man were in place,
T'was no mans person that he did respect,
Nor any calling Vice hee durst detect.
Immagin, you doe see him walke the streetes,
And every one a knaue, with whom hee meetes.
Note their description; which good censure craves,
Their iudge if he haue cause, to count them knaues.

SAMUEL ROWLAND.

FINIS

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In his Lanthorne Humour.



NOW sit vpon seeking
honest men in halles & chaires:
I am euen as wearie as euer
was PLATOES Dog. Out a
Streets, Lane, or Alley in all
the Citie of Athens, but I haue
sought it, & cannot finde a man
worthy the giuing of the good
mayntain for: What is that it is

calls he those: Haue they banisht honest men out of the
citie quite? Alas poore Vertue, what hast thou done
to deserve this contempt? haile to thy officers, as I haue
haile in thy Apparell as my Cotune: thy Company out
of request, for thou hast walked so long alone: that thou
art euen walked along with thy selfe: there's no good
to be found, All's set vpon villany. Ponder walks
Briberie, taken for an honest substantiall grane Citie:
yea, I marie is the pray, make him one of your common
Counsell.

There goes Crueltie and Extortion, put not your
eyes all to how: it is well done he is one of the prin-
cipall and best in the Parity, he hath borne all offices and
ruled his god: a most abominable rich fellow. What
how the Diuel come he by his wealth? Will he be
richer, than of silver albe rusty Gold begetting
more than he can use, but in their wealth they are
glued.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Which opinion is better unto him then his stons
 soule: say, if I haue nine thousand soules he would
 sell them all for nine thousand buckets of golde.

say let me see, what's hee? Oh tis Prodigalitie and
 his wife, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are
 walking towards the Suburbs of a Bawdie house for
 their recreation, Vnder rides the Bawde in her Coach
 before, & they two come leysurely (with the par) behinde
 but will all meete together anon to make worke for the
 Chirurgeon, who will answere their loose bodies with
 the Squier.

Wp 12th
 Now I assure you though I laugh but skorne, I
 must needs make merry with yonder Ass, why hee
 is trap for all the world like Alexanders Horse, such a
 traver in a head, so begarbed, and the very same Trot:
 I haue knowne his father well, hee was a most graue
 Senator (in regard of his gray beard) and did much
 little good in the Cittie, got wealth, and pilde up golde
 euen as they pile up stock-fish in Island and rots his
 wounds (the second part of a sole) has all, all I marrie
 what doth he with it? say, (let me snuffe my Candle
 and I'll tell you) euen like one of Signeour Scatter-
 goods politicians hee vmbles it into parties: A greate
 portion for Drinke, a good some for Drinke, a por-
 tion for whooring, a mouthe for pride, a third for ban-
 ting, fire shaxes and a halfe for swaggering, and all the
 remainder for beggerie. walke along knaue, walke
 along.

Who haue we next comes creeping with the paulsey
 in his leggs, a great leather pouch by his side as large
 as a Cannon of Barre, long stockings and a shoe made
 cross-hair with velvet to his knees say (light, light)
 let me see: Oh I knowe the damned thing tis Spontane
 Vniue, what a leane lank thin gut it is, hee looks
 malicious like a long curts Cats-thinne puerle, a
 would.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

would I had his skinne to make mee a summer palce of
Bushins.

What a blessednes it is to me, that I neuer came
into such villaines clutches what does hee, pray, as hee
goes his Chaps walke so fast: Ho, the Rogue is
ruminating vpon his patnes, hee chaues the Cub in
contemplation of Bands and Billies, I dare he sworne,
hee neuer champs so much vpon his diner or Supper,
for his panch cries out on him, and all the guttes in his
Dubbing-house, rumble and grumble at their slender
allowance: He obiectes the old prouerbe to his belly,
Many a sacke is tyed vp before it be full. I would I
had the dyeting of him some month with my Notes, I
would send him daper vnder Ground then ere they
grow: the Canball should neuer seide moze vpon poze
men, and play the Dice-maker with their bones, hang
him rogue, hang him.

How now thou drunken knaue, Canst not see but
rele vpon mee? I would I had bene ware of thee, thou
shouldest haue bozne me a god hauf with my staffe:
what stane's this? as I liue I was almost downe.

Like how his cloake hangs, one side to his ankles
and th'other side to his elbow: his steps take the
Longitude and the latitude, hoise, hoise: This fellowe
is now (in his owne conceit) mightely strong, for hee
dare fight with any man: he is exceeding rich, scoznes
mony, and cares not for twentie thousand pound: he
is maruailous wise, and tuf, tell not him, for he knowes
more then any man what looser. What's hee that dares
refuse to pledg him? as sure as death if hee could feele
of him his dagger, stabbes would be dealt: backe
both the villaine sweares, there's all his booke both
in patnes for his scoze. Yet hee's a passing good Custo-
mer: for vitraunce, about a barrell a day goes downe
his gutter, so take him in there at the red Lattice, hee
has raft anchor at the blewe anchor for this day. Fill
him

Diogenes Lanthorne.

What the best, for he is even one of the best Swines
that euer took up sodden water with Chaulke, crent on
a Wolf. Out upon him, out upon him. He reade his
bestie: Dye in a Disch linne, or end in an Hospital
Kastall chuse whether thou wilt.

How looks yonder fellow? What's the matter with
him now? Has he eaten Wall-bieser there's a lofty name
indeede, he's in the alitudes: Oh, if you would see Am-
bition? I would be glad to see you hang'd a while for
an old acquaintance: a great man with the Emperoz
I assure you: a great man with the Emperoz: his voyce
is heard in the Court now, and his fathers voyce was
wont to be heard in the Citty: For I have heard him
many a time and often, cry Wycomes in Athens: a good
plaine honest man, and dealt much with old shooes: I
heard him once tell this proud kinne being then a boy,
a good discourse of Iustice out of a Wycome: Sirra (said
he) heere's speech to correct you in Child-hood, & when you
grow to be a great Lubber, heere's a staffe for to be-
leue you withall: If that will not serue to amend you,
why then heere's euen a good will to hang you by.
Amen saide I, heere's growing towards it apace: aspiring
to rise high plotting to be mighty: and what tooles has
he out of the Diuells Shoppe for his worke: Treason,
Treason, he will ascend by Treason though he clinke
the gallowes for it and cracke his neck in coming
downe againe. If I salute him and put off my cappe I
would my Lanthorne were in my Belly, Vertue scornes
him, I know him not: front a long Sirra, for thou
hast not long to front it.

Howe knows abroad yet? Ponders Boasting & Pre-
sumption, I holde my life as close as I am I'll take his
Master from him with my washing staffe, heere's all sound
and breath, tongue and talke, seates no man: cares for
no man, beholding to no man: but ere his belov'd put
him to it, see what's in him, dare him to the pannel and
there's

Diogenes Lanthorne

There's mine emile fellowe like a water bubble flying
in the ayre till a puffe crache him : I neuer lieth (since
I know reason) a worthy fellowe proue a worthy fel-
lowe : a man must see his hand to his man-hood, and sin-
ger it. I wil not be had with woundes and blond, heart
and nailes, as euery rascally knave makes account :
when two currees meete all the while they bathe they
haue no leysure to byte : Alexander had a bragging
shouldier that swore he had kil'd five hundred men with
his lips, yet this fellowe swore the peace against a woman
that had broken his head with his owne dagger : and
another day, I followed a couple of notorious braggarts
into the field, one swore he would imbrue his Masters
hilt in the bowels of his foe, the other vowed to make
him eate yron and Steele like an Estridge : when they
came to the place appointed, both dyed their weapons,
slaid them presently downe, and went to buydris for a
bloude nose, which I seeing ran to the towne and cry'd
murder, murder, and so brought three hundred people to-
gether to laugh at them. I could tell many like exam-
ples of Seignior Feathercappe and his fellowe, but that
I haue another knave cunning that puts me out.

*Dear
Cocell*

The Contention (say, I'le goe low enough to the ken-
nell, thou shalt not misse me for the wall) looke hoim hee
swares : see how a frownes, he ha's had a poore man in
latwe this three yeere, for biding his Dog Come out
Cuckolds curre, yet if the Dog could speake, hee would
beare witness against his Master for worne, worke
that hee had seene wrought by his Whoris in her Cham-
ber to make her husband night-caps of.

Oh, striffe is the summe of his desires, I'le the salace
of his soule hee is neuer well, at heart's ease if he be not
A bawling with one or other : I'le trie it by the late (sayes
the late shall indge it : I'le come to no agreement
I'le late : I'le pinch him by the late : I haue a hundred
pounds to spend at late : and all late, late : yet hee him-
selfe

Diogenes Laertius.

selfe is altogether void of equitie, heele neither take
 wrong nor do right: bites his poore neighbours dogged-
 ly by the backe, scorne his superiours, tramples upon his
 inferiour, and so he may bee murthering; cares not with
 whom it be, to keepe his hand in use. He neuer went to
 bed in charite in his life, nor neuer walks without
 meditating how he defurnes, Whoe loues wonderfully
 to be feeding upon the bread of strife, and imitates the
 Camels which delight to drinke in troubled pooles, well
 hee shall finde no neighbour good with mee for it: my
 Town standes farre enough off from his house: I had
 rather haue a Beare to my next neighbour, then such a
 brawling rascall. goe walke a kinne in the boyle sappe,
 I haue nothing to say to thee but farewell and be hang'd
 and when thou art going that iourney, take all thy fel-
 lowers with thee.

Tell me; or rather ill me, Hypocrisie: Ah thou
 smooth farr villaine with the fawning tongue, art thou
 become a citizen too, then looke about you plaine fel-
 lows, you shall be sure to want no deceit: he hates
 swearing to doe I: tis well done to hate it, but he loues
 lying and will other reach you in a bad bargaine, or with
 false weight and measure: Yes indeed: Truly will he.
 Weele sigh and say there's no conscience now a dayes,
 and then makes his owne actions beare witness to it
 by yea and nay, if he can he will deceive you.

Take to his hands hearken not to his tongue, and say
 I haue giuen you false warning, for a philosopher hath
 bene couised by him I had rather haue it said, Diogi-
 nes was deceived, then to heare it reported hee is a de-
 ceitner. I payd for a better cappe then I wanted, and my
 gowne is scarce worth halfe the money it cost mee, marry
 what remedie? nothing: I haue learned by it such a
 knacker to knowe a knave: and now I lye, hee doke
 better for it. Yes truly and I indeed: Hypocrisie shall
 murther me good sayes againe while hee liues: no
 neuer

never buy wench nor for money. If a whore should
invite me in going home, and take away my purse, I
would say, I met with an honest man; then he that
conjured me in the buying of my golden: for the whore
would prove a man of his word, and tell me what I
would trust to in the peremptory terms of, Stand; Del-
iver your purse. But my Colone brother, he promiseth me good stuffe,
Truely, a great penny-worth indeede; and verily he
gull me. But let me take my leave of my purse, he's a
villayne, an arrant villayne; and I could wish find in
my heart to eate his liver scyde with parsley for morrow
morning to breakfast.

How now? what's the matter? whither goes all
this hurly burly? here's a clutter in mine. What's he,
now say, Colondge? he's a lagger is carried to prison.
I heare the people say he hath stab'd the Constable, beat
the Watch, broke the Wapsters head, and layne with
his Dogg.

There is no villayne: pray search his pockets: I told
you as much, false heart, false hand and false dice: what
cracked coles are those in a tother pocket? Pick locks,
pick locks! This fellow liues by his wittes, but yet
belongs not to the Common wealth: he sweares he
is a Gentleman: but of what House? Parry Cheaters
Ordinary: an ingenious knave, that would a living
eat of hard bones, and has it at his fingers end: ene-
ry man with him is a very Rogue and a base Cell: he
threatens stab and death, with heart, manhood & blood:
yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chyrurgion.
He comes to dwell in a suite of apparel & looks: this
day in Baffin, to morrow in Bachelors one day at the
next day all scurrilous: now on his back, among
the Wokers! & this by his reasoning is a Gentlemans
humour. Heere, I cannot deny, but it may be so: but I
pray then, what humour is the Gentleman? he is a

(beinge spinn'd) like to proue Gentleman by the humor.
Away with him, away with him, make sure waikes,
chayne and kennell him by in gayle, make him a knight
of the odorous Caille.

We will see sure better tyes by, then lose at liberty:
let him not play the wandring Pilgrims in any tale:
there's no remedy for such wild fellows, but to tame
them in the Dungeon of darknesse: follow him close,
Watchmen, with your Halberts, lest he shew you a new
dance, call'd Run-always Galliard. So, so, by this
time he lyes where he's like to proue lawly, if there be
not some speedy remedy vnto, with a medicine made of
Hempleed to kill his itch.

Who haue we next pray? I should know him by his
bickering scurvy looks, he makes a wry mou'ch, and has
a grinning countenance, for all the world like Detraction:
why, tis he indeed, a rope stretch him, has not the
Crowes pickt out his eyes yet? See how he laughs to
himselfe, at yonder playne Gentlewoman in the old fa-
shion, because she has not the trash and trumpery of Spi-
rits Loose-legges about her.

Dost thou deride Civility, Anane: is decency become
ridiculous? looke vpon thy selfe, thou Rascall, looke vpon
thy selfe, whom all the wise men in the world may
laugh to scorne indeed.

Thou hast nothing in thee (if thy insides were turned
outward) worthy of the least commendation, and yet
such villaines will euen be scolding (deriding and detrac-
ting, from those of the best spirits and wondrous ende-
uours) learned mens works, industrious mens tra-
uells, graue mens counsels, famous mens vertues, and
valiant mens Acts: Detraction will spit venom at: no-
thing is too true that comes not from his burly inuen-
tion: he has scorne for them he knowes not, and tells
for them he neuer saw. What a world's this, when a
foole shall censure a Philosopher! a Dolt, an Idiot! one
that

Diogenes Lanthorne.

that hath wit in's hāle and head alike, to condemne and
deprave natures miracles for wit and wisdome.

This is he that can mend every thing that is ready
made to his hand, detracting from the worthynesse of
every mans worke: tis a villayne, a right villayne, bred
and borne: He came, not long since, along my Tubs
house, and scoffing at me, asked me why I made it not
a Tap-house. Parry (quoth I) I have determined so
to doe, but I want such a Rogue, as thou art, to make
a signe off: with that, he cal'd me Dog. Said I, Thou
didst never heare me barked, but thou shalt feele me bite;
so I thrust my pike-staffe through his cheekes, that I
made his teeth chatter in his head, like a Wiper as he is.

Say then we shall never have done, loke where Iea-
lously is, as yellow, as if he had the yellow Jaundice:
his Wife's an honest woman (in my conscience) loyall
and true in wordlocke: but because he (like a fornicating
Kasell) uses common Cortezans, he thinks her corte-
ses and theirs are all alike, to every man, come who
will. His eyes follow her steps wheresoever she goes:
if any friend salute her, she dares not reply: but must
passe stranger-like, without any shew of Cortesse: he
swears she is a Whore, and himselfe a large horned
Cuckold, able to runne butts with all Cuckolds in the
Tolone.

Now, hee is growne to such outrage, that hee is
new frantick with Iealously, sometimes offering to
lay fingers, that no Bull dares encounter with his
head; and that his horns are more praisious then any
Unicorne. The Haberdasher cannot fit him with a hat
wide enough. The Barber cannot trim his fore-head
close enough: and yet the pore hath made his beard thin
enough. He says, he thinks there's not an honest wo-
man in Athens, to his knowledge, and the reason is,
he is familiar with none but Whores. A Salady-house
is to his holy exercise, and he cannot live without

Diogenes Lanchorne. o. d.

his livery, he hath whores of all complections, whores
of all sizes; and whores of all diseases: and this is the
cause that the villanous fellows names all to be whores.
But, masters, marke the end of him that hath bene layd
side times of the Pore, if he be not thoroughly French
side and well prepared for his Venery, then will I for
seven yeres rate Day with a Horse: well, He cross the
way to tother side the Streets; before he come to my
me: I dare not indure him, his god sleeping in a sound
shrine: I would not bee in his roafe for Alexanders
rich gotone: out, sinking knave, out, hold off thy Cart,
knave, wilt once runne me: the horse hath more ho-
nesty in him, then thou: for he answers me; and thou
darest not upon me: So, villayne, to, curse the creature
that gets thy living, and he hold thou wilt thrive by it.
Thou blinde knave, Porter, dost rush upon me with
thy Basket, and then sayest, By your leave belike thou
meaneest to kisse me agayne, for thou dost aske no leave
the first time beforehand. What brutish daies doe I
make with: my staffe shall make with some of you a
non. Take thou that, knave, for crying byones so loved
in mine eares, here's a quiple indeed, your City thul-
lings, crumbling, and crumbling, is not for my humour.
What a filthy throat has that Deller wife! I thinke
it will eccho in my brayne-pan this houre. This is the
raging Arct of Dnt-eyes: He out walke it with all the
spade I can.

Woe to have I met with never an honest man: well,
He burne out my candles-end, and then make an end
and get mee home: So, that is good to begin withall.
Had your Streets never a knave to encounter my first
entrance, but Discord & Malum Omen, Malum Omen:
This is he that sets Countreys and Kingdomes toge-
ther by the eares, breeds Cities multiplied, and breeds
their contentions, Prince against Prince, nation
against nation, neighbours, friends, all at vari-
ance.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

ance. This is he that calles Peace with her Palme tree,
 His huswife, and sounds defiance throughout the whole
 world. You are wrong'd (sayes hee) put not by such a
 vile indignity: this disgrace no man-had can indure,
 your honour and reputation is in state of preiudice, 'tis
 wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put
 it by, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all men
 will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with Pla-
 to, call him, Proud fellow, and trample vpon his bed,
 because it was somewhat handsomer and better deckt
 then mine. In all his life time, (and he assure you 'tis
 an old, gray, leane, dry, rotten-bon'd billayne) did he
 neuer shew cherefull countenance, but at the sight of
 some mischiefe: he would rather bite his tongue thorow,
 then bid any man, Good morrow. So, so, now it workes:
 he's got amongst a cruell scolding Fish-wines, off goes
 her head-tye; hane at tothers throte, to her greene
 Wallie-coate. Why now it workes like warre.

Thrust in Cut-purse, for there's good pennyworths to
 be had amongst them: the Trade is like to be quite
 by and by. Customers, come apace, make a prync search
 without a Constable. He sayes no longer with you, a
 rope rid you all. Now he vpon her, slovenly Anne,
 when didst thou wash thy face? Here's Slosh right in
 his kind: the Hatte he weares all day, at night becom-
 meth his Night-cap, his Frieze Coloure become
 in her intrenches himselfe, is at least thirty thousand
 strong. Garter thy Nose, head-garter thy Nose: or will
 the Nose indure no garters?

This fellow, I remember, coming to a Fig-tree,
 being so extreme lazy that he could not scratch his arme
 out to gather any, layd himselfe downe vpon his backe,
 and gaping, cryed: O Sweete Fig, drop downe in yeelding wise,

For Lazy will not let me rise: out sayes another

Diogenes Lanthorne.

This is hee that riseth late, and goes early to bedde; up to eate, and downe to sleepe, scornes to labour, (for he is as stiffe ioynted as the Elephant) and rather then he would indure halfe an houres labour, he would willingly chuse a whole houres hanging: I know no ble in the world for him, except he keepe the City bread from moulding, and the Towne liquors from sotozing.

This is he, that lying at ease vpon his backe, where a Cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to drawe easie ouer him, for he could not rise yet, till his laye fit was past. This is he that could rather be lolsy then indure to haue his shirt washed: and had rather goe to bed in hose and shoes, then sleepe to pull them off. He is fitted with a wise enim pat of his owne humour: (for, tother day, heating broth for her husbands breakfast, the Cat cryde, Peto, in the porridge pot: Wife, (sayd he) take out poze Pusle (alas) how came she there? With that, shee take out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the porridge from her into the pot, they two went louingly to breakfast with it.

A shame take them both, for filthy companions, for their broth is abominable. Who, then we shall neuer haue done: here's hell broke loose, swarming together! Derision, he goes before, & scoffes enery man he meets. Doe'st laugh at my Lanthorne, knaue, because I vse Candle-light by day? Why, villayne, tis to sake (such as you'le neuer be) Honest men.

Violence, he walks with him, he'le do iniury to his owne Father (if hee can:) all that hee weares on his backe, and all that he puts in his belly, is got by oppression, wrong and cruelty: he cares not how he gets it, so he gets it, nor from whence he take it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their consozt, an inhumane and vnciuill savage: if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would neuer giue him a thousand good words in a yere for them.

Impa-

Impatience is another of their fraternity: a raging knave, an inquiet turbulent rogne, he'll allow time for nothing, al's at a minutes warning that he chilles for, or he'll rage, rayle, curse and sweare, that a wise man would not for ten pound be twithin ten miles of him.

Who's the other: hold by thy head, knave.

O, tis Dulnesse, the most notorious block-head that enery pist: instruct him till your tongue ake, he has no eares for you: there's nothing in him but the Asses vertue, thats dull melancholy: how lumpish a looke! out, Rascalles, out: now a murrayne take you all. I did never make a worse dayes worke in my life, then I have done to day: here's a City well blest, is well provided, I warrant you. If a man should neede an honest-mans helpe, where should he find him? Well, farewell Acheson, I and my Tabscarves the and thy Citizens.

Diogenes lost labour.

Philosopher, thy labour is in vayne:
Put out thy Candle, get thy home agayne:
If company of honest men thou lacke,
They are so scarce, thou must alone goe packe.
But if thou please to take some knaves along,
Gine but a becke, and stoze will flocke and throng.
He that did vomit out his house and land,
Quen with a winke, will ready come to hand,
And he, of whom thou didst ten shillings craue,
As thinking ne're agayne his almes to haue,
Because he was prodigall in waste,
And to vndoe himselfe, made wondrous haste:
If thou hast come to see him in thy Tunn,
He will be ready both to goe and runne.
O, those same drunken Fiddlers, thou didst find
A tuning word, when they themselves were blind,
Whom thou didst with thy staffe belabour well,

Diogenes Lanthorne

Must be prepared for enduring many.

But here's the comfort that the virtuous find.

Their hell is first, their heaven is behind.

Diogenes Morall

A Cocke stood crowling proud,

Fall by a thuree flos,

A Coale in water butt at him,

And did him much deride

The Cocke in choler grew,

Blowing by him that made him,

That he would fight with that base Coale,

Though all his Venmes did him

Come but ashoze (quoth he)

White liur, if thou dare,

And thou shalt see a bloody day

Thy throate shall sore be

Fale craven (sayd the Coale)

I scoone to beare the paine

To come ashoze amongst a

Of scraping dunghill kind

Thy Venmes will backe the

Come hither, chaunting

And in the water, hand to hand

A combat we will haue.

Here's none to interrupt,

I challenge thee come here

If there be valour in thy

Why, let it now appert.

Enter the watry

He spoyle thy crowling

Why dost not come,

Thou hast no heart to fight

With that, the Cocke

There was no want in

But sure the water was

It would not let him swim.

John h^c 89

Morall.

Handwritten marginalia and scribbles on the right side of the page.

A great assembly met of mice: who re with themselves of S. G. 1. 1. 1.

If I happen alwayes thus,
When cowards doe contend,
With wrangling words they do begin,
And with those weapons end,
Nothing but vaunrs are vs'd,
Till tryall should be made:
And when they come to action,
Each of other are afraide:
Then for to keepe skinner whole,
It is a common yle,
To enter in some drunken league,
Or make a cowards scuse.

A Great assembly met of mice,
Who with themselves did take advice,
What plot by policy to frame,
How they the bloudy Cat might tame,
At length, a graue and ancient mouse,
(Belike, the wisest in the house)
Gave counsell (which they all did take)
That every Cat should heare a Bell:
For so (quoth he) we shall them feare,
And spe the danger which we feare,
If we but heare a Bell to ring,
At eating cheese, or any thing,
When we are busie with the mous,
Into a hole we straight may run,
This about all they liked best,
But, quoth one mouse, into the hall
Which of vs all dares be so bold,
To hang the Bell Cat should be bold,
If here be any, let him speake,
Then all replyde, We are the mouse,
The stoutest mouse, and tallest mouse,
Doe tremble at a grime cat's paw.

Morall

THus fares it with the weak,
Whom mighty men doe wrong,
They by complaynt may wish redress,
But none of force so strong,
To worke their owne contents:
For euery one doth feare,
Where cruelty doth make abode,
To come in presence there,

THE Owle being weary of the night,
Would progresse in the Sunne,
To see the little birds delight,
And what by them was done.

But coming to a stately grove,
Abound with gallant grone,
Where pierres proud Summers season
Spott beautilous to be seene,
He lights no sooner on a tree,
What Summers litters hee
But all the little birds that be
Were flock'd about his eares,
Such wondering and such noyse they
Such chipping and such piping,
The Owle for anger could haue wept,
Had not shame hinderd weeping,
At length he made a solenne vow,
And thus vnto them spake,
You haue your time of pleasure now,
An Owle of me to make:
But ere to morrow light appeares,
In dawning of the Sun,
Five hundred of you that are here,
I will dispatch at least.

If that I crush you not most rare,
Why then, loue let me dye:

62

his is about which is called by how be do

Titmouse I will not spare,
 For the lest I can do him,
 And so at night, when all was hush,
 The Owle, with frowning brow,
 Did scatch and pry on every bush,
 With sight, when they were blind,
 He rent their flesh, and bones did brake,
 Their feathers flew in th' ayre,
 And cruelly with bloudy brake,
 Whose little creatures fare.
 How am I well reveng'd (quoth he)
 For that which you have done,
 And quitted all my wrongs by spone
 Were offered in the sunne.

Moral

Gainst mighty ones, the weak of strength
 May not themselves oppose;
 For if they doe, 'twill prove as length
 To wall the weakest goes.
 The little shrubs must not contend
 Agaynst the taller trees;
 Nor meaner sort like to offend
 Their betters in degrees;
 For though amongst their owne confederates
 Superiors they deride,
 And wrong them much by false reports,
 At length, Time turnes the Tide,
 There comes a change, the wille they wrong'd,
 In selfe conceit thought good,
 May be in th' end too dearly bought,
 Even with the price of bloud.

A Cobbler kept a seagrey Crow,
 A Bird of basest kind,
 And

And paynes enough he did bestow,
 To worke her to his mind.
 At length he taught her very well,
 To speake out very loud,
 God saue the King: and troth to tell,
 The Cobbler then grew proud,
 He was too good to hop about,
 Upon his old shooe fall,
 But he vnto the Court would stoune,
 His bird should put downe all
 Their paynted Parrats: so he went
 To Caesar with Jack-dam,
 And sayd to him, he did present
 Best bird that ere he saw.
 The Monarch gracious mind did shew,
 For Cobblers paye good will,
 And made a Courtier of the Crow,
 Where he remayn'd, untill
 He standing in a window, spyde
 His fellows flye along,
 And knew the language which they
 Was his owne spother song: (cryde,
 Away goes he the way they went,
 And all together flye,
 A poore head Boyle to teare and rent,
 What in a ditch did lye.
 When they had shar'd him to the bone,
 Not a Crows mouthfull left,
 To a Corne-field they flye each one,
 And there they fall to they.
 This life the Cobblers Crow did thine,
 Pick't his lining out of straine,
 And Courtly dyet did refuse,
 Euen like a foolish Daine.

¶ Story of the Crow.

Morall.

HEE that from basenes doth deriue
The roote of his descent:
And by preferment chaunce to thriue,
The way that lacke-dawe went,
Whethes in Court or Common-wealth,
In City or in towne,
How ere he pledge good fortunes health,
Heele liue and dye a clowne.
Dawes will be dawes, though grac'd in Court:
Crowes will to carraine sort,
Like euer vnto like resort,
The bad imbrace the ill:
And though euen from a Cobblers wall,
He purchase land, what then:
With Cobblers heele conuerse withall,
Rather then better men.

THe Lyon in an humorsome,
As with his pleasure stom:
Commaunded, that on paine of death,
Horne beastes should boyd the tow:
Not any one to targe there,
That had an armed head.
This was no sooner published,
But many hundreds fled:
The Hart, the Bucke, the Wilcoue,
Kamne, Bull, and Goate consent,
With halle post-haste to runne away,
Their dangers to prevent.
With this same crue of Horned kind,
That were perplexed so,
A beast consorts, vpon whose head,
Dwell a Wlen did grow.

Richard Greaves his hand 1662

Diogenes Laertius.

The Fox met him, and sayd, Then tell,
Why, whether dost thou counte it more
Happy (quoth he) to save my life;
Or rather to what is done?

Home creatures all have banishment,
And must aspy the place.

For they are charg'd upon their lines,
Even by the Lyons grace.

True (sayd the Fox) I know it well,
But what is that to thee?

Thou hast no home, thy life is flesh,
It is evident to see.

I graunt (quoth he) tis so indeed,
Yet no're the lesse I see:

For if it be taken for a home,
I say in what case am I?

Sure (sayd the Fox) it is wisely done,
I blame thee not in this:

For many wrongs are daily wrought
By taking things amiss.

Morall.

VVise men will ever doubt the worst,
In that they take in hand.

And seeke, that free from all suspect,
They may securely stand.

Remooving every least offence,
That may a danger breede.

For when a man is in the pit,
It is too late, take heede.

If mighty men doe censure wrong,
How should the weaker resist?

It is in vayne to contend with him,
That can doe what he list.

The best and most reposed life,
That

Diogenes Laertius.

That any man can find,
Is this, to keepe a conscience free
From spotted guilty mind.

A Savage creature cometh to come,
Where civill people dwell,

Whom they did kindly entertaine,
And courteous with him dealt:

They fed him with their choicest fare,
To make his welcome knowne,

And diuers waies their humane love
Was to the wild man shewne:

At length (the weather being colde)
One of them blew his naples.

The Savage asked, Why he did so,
And what his fingers ayles:

Harry (quoth he) I make them warme,
That are both cold and numme:

And so they set them downe to doe,
For supper time was come.

The man that blew his naples before,
Upon his broth did blow.

Friend, sayes the Savage, what meanes this,
I prithie let me knowe?

My broth (sayd he) is over hot,
And I doe coole it thus.

Farewell (quoth he) this deed of thine,
For ever parteth vs.

Hast thou a breath blowes hot and colde,
When at thy wish and will?

I am not for thy company:
Way keepe thy supper still,

And heate thy hands, and coole thy broth,
As I have sene thee doe.

Such double dealers as thy selfe,
I have no mind unto,

I have no mind unto,

But

But will retræ into the woods,
Where I to soze haue bin,
Resolving, every double tongue
With holloſw heart within.

Morall.

A Heedfull care we oughte to haue,
When we doe friends elect:
The pleasing iecture and good words
We are not to respect;
For courteous carriage oftentimes
May haue an ill intent:
And gracious words may gracelesse prooue,
Without the hearts consent.
Let all auyde a double tongue,
For in it there's no trust,
And banish such the company
Of honest men meane iust:
A counterfeyts society
Is neuer free from danger,
And that man liues a happy life,
Can liue, to such, a stranger.

When winters rage and cruell stormes
Of euery pleasant tree,
Had made the boughs sturke naked all,
As bare as bare might be,
And not a flower left in field,
Nor greene on bush or byer:
But all was robd in pittious plight,
Of Summers rich attyre,
The Grasse-hopper in great distresse,
Vnto the Ant did come,
And said, Woe friend, I pine for food,
I withe gine me some.
Thou art not in extremes with me,

I know thine ever care
 For winters want, hard and distresse,
 In summer both prepare.
 Know'st thou my care, reply'd the Ant.
 And dost thou like it well?
 Wherefore proudest thou not the like?
 Pray the, Grasse-hopper, tell.
 Harry (sayd he) the Summer time
 I pleasantly doe passe,
 And sing out still most merrily,
 In the delightfull grasse:
 I take no care for time to come,
 My mind is on my song:
 I thinke the glorious Sun-shine dayes
 Are everlasting long.
 When thou art hording by thy side,
 Agaynst these hungry dayes,
 Inclined vnto prouidence,
 Pleasure I onely prayse.
 This is the cause I come to the,
 To helpe me with thy store.
 Thou art deceiv'd, friend, sayd the Ant,
 I laboured not therefore.
 It was not for you I did prouide,
 With tedious toyle some paynes:
 But that my selfe of labours past
 Might haue the future gaynes.
 Such idle ones must buy their wit,
 It is best when dærely bought:
 And note this lesson to your shame,
 Which by the Ant is taught:
 If Summer be your winning time,
 When you doe merrý make,
 Let winter be your weeping time,
 When you must penance take.

Morall.

Morall.

Neglect not time: for precious time
 Is not at thy command:
 But in thy youth and able strength,
 Give providence thy hand.
 Repose not trust in others helpe:
 For when misfortunes fall,
 Thou mayest complayne in want:
 But friends will vanish all.
 They'll heape reproofe vpon thy head,
 And tell thy follies past:
 And all thy acts of negligence,
 Even in thy teeth will cast.
 Thou might'st haue got, thou might'st haue
 And liued like a man: (gayn'd,
 Thus will they speake, filling thy soule
 With extreme passion than:
 Preuent this foolish after-wit,
 That comes when tis too late:
 And trust not ouer-much to friends,
 To helpe thy hard estate.
 Make youth the summer of thy life,
 And therein loyter not:
 And thinke the winter of old age,
 Will spend what summer got.

A Lusty begger that was blind,
 But very strong of limme,
 Agreed with one was lame of leggs,
 That he would carry him.
 Another was to guide the way,
 (For he had perfect sight:)
 Upon condition, all they got,
 Should still be shar'd at night.
 So, as they chanc'd to passe along,
 The Cripple that had eyes,

Diogenes Laërtius

Sitting upon the blind mans back,
On ground an Oyster lay.
Some take that Oyster up (quoth hee)
Which at thy feet lies there.
And so he did, and put it in
The scap which he did weare.
But going on a little way,
Says Cripple, to the blinde,
Give me the Oyster thou hast up,
I haue thereto a mind.
Not so, sayd tother, by your leane:
In vaine you doe intreat it:
For sure I keepe it for my selfe,
And do intend to eate it.
He haue it, sir, the Cripple swore:
Who spide it, thou or I?
If that I had not seene, and spoke,
Thou wouldest haue passed by.
It is no matter, sayd the blinde,
Thou know'st it might haue lyen,
Had I not stoopt and toke it vp:
Wherefore it shall be mine.
And so they hotly fell to words,
And out in choller brake,
With, Thou, lame rogue, and, Thou, blind knave,
Not caring what they spake.
At length it happened one came by,
And heard them thus contend,
And did intreat them both, that he
Might this their disoord end.
They yeld, and say it shall be so.
Then he enquiring all,
Did heare their league, and how about
An Oyster they did brayle.
Sayd he, Ye masters, let me see
This Oyster makes such strife.

The blindman forthwith gave it him, it was a shell
 Who present drew his hand, it was a shell, and
 And opening it, ate up the same, and was a shell
 Giving them each a shell, and they were
 And sayd, Good fellows, now be friends, for
 I have your fish: farewell.
 The beggars both deluded thus,
 At their owne folly smiloe,
 And sayd, One subtil crafty knave
 Had two poore soles beguilde.

Morall.

Vhen men for trifles will contend,
 And vainly disagree,
 That oft for nothing friend and friend
 At daggers drawing bee,
 When no discretion there is vnde,
 To qualifie offence,
 But reason is by will abused,
 And danger doth incense:
 When some in fury seeke their wish,
 And some in malice swell;
 Perhaps some Lawyer takes the fish,
 And leaues his Clyents shelles.
 Then when their folly once appeares,
 They ouerlate complayne,
 And wish the wit of foregone yeeres
 Were now to buy agayne.

Within a grove, a gallant grove,
 That was graine Summers suite,
 An Oxe, an Asse, an Ape, a Fox,
 Each other kind salute,
 And lovingly like friends intyce,
 And much good manners vse:

At length sayes the Oxe vnto the Ass, what haue I done
 I pray thee, friend, what neuer said vnto thee
 The Ass look'd sad, and thus replied, I haue done
 No newes at all (quoth he) But I growe ever discontent
 When I doe mate with thee. The Oxe look'd strange, and stepping backe, replyd
 Quoth he, Deare neighbour Ass, haue I wrong'd thee in all my life
 Haue I wrong'd thee in all my life with my mouthfull of hay or grasse
 Assure thy selfe, if that I had,
 'Twould grieue me very much.
 No, kind bedfellow, sayd the Ass,
 My meaning is not such;
 On Iupiter I doe complaine,
 It is he wrongs me alone,
 In arming thee with these large bones,
 And I (poore wretch) haue none
 Thou wearest two weapons on thy head,
 Thy body to defend:
 Against the stoutest dogge that barkes,
 Thou boldly dar'st contend,
 When I haue nothing but my skinne,
 With two long foolish eares:
 And not the basest gosse that liues,
 My hate or fury feares.
 This makes me sad, and dull, and slow,
 And of a heavy pace,
 When euery scurvy shepheards curie
 Doth bzaue me to my face.
 Sure (quoth the Oxe) as thou art grieu'd,
 So I hard dealing find;
 I like on the fore, and like on the hind,
 I pray vnto be well behind,
 And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt,
 Except thy eye-sight failes,

That

That nature lack'd a payre of eyes,
When she made both our taylor
I wonder what her reason was,
To alter thus our shapen:
There's not a For, but hath a taylor and a shapen
Would serue a dozen Apes.
Yet we, thou seest, goe bare and all,
For each man to deride:
I tell thee, brother Ape, I blinde,
To see my owne backside:
I must indure a thousand scottes,
A thousand scoffes and scoymes,
Nature deales bad with me for taylor,
And hard with thee for hoynes.
With this, the ground began to stirre,
And smyth a little hole,
A creeping foureleg'd creature came,
A thing is call'd a Mole:
Another, by masters, I haue heard,
What faults you two doe find:
But Tilles and Hoynes, pray looke on me,
By nature formed blind:
You haue no cause thus to complayne
Of your, and your defect,
Pozble Dame Nature hard with words,
If me you doe respect.
The thing for which you both complayne,
Are vnto me denide:
And that with patience I indure,
And moze, am blind beside.

Morall.

VVE ought complayne, repine and grudge
At our dislike estate,
And deeme our selues (our selues not pleas'd)
To be vnfortunate.

None mark'd with more extreme then we,
None plang'd in sorrow for
When not by thousand parts of woe
Our Neighbours griefes we know
Most men that haue sufficiency,
To serue for natures neede,
Doe wrong the God of Nature,
And vngreatfully proceede:
They looke on others greater
And enuiously complayne,
When thousands wanting what they haue,
Contented doe remayne.

The Astronomer by night did walke,
(He and his Globe together)
Hauing great businesse with the starres,
About the next pæres weather.
He did examine all the skye,
For tempests, wind and rapie
And what diseases were to come,
The Planets told him playne:
The disposition of the Spring,
The late Summer time,
The Haruest fruit, and Winters frost,
Most playnely he espide
He did conferre with Iupiter,
Saturne and all the Seuen,
And grew exceeding buizy with
Twelue houses of the heauen.
But while with staring eyes he looked,
What newes the starres could tell,
Upon the sudden downe he comes,
Headlong into a well.
Helpe, helpe, he calles, or else
Oh helpe, he shall cry,
Untill it chaunc'd some passengers
Came

Came very early by,
And hearing him, did helpe him out,
In a drowned monkes case:
Then question'd with him how he came,
In that same cold wet place:
Merry (quoth he) I look'd on the side,
Not thinking of the ground,
And tumbled in this sorry well,
Where I had like bin drowned.

Which when they heard, and knew his sort,
They smiling said, Friend stranger,
Wilt thou fore-tell things as to come,
And knowest not present dangers?
Hast thou an eye for heaven, and
For earth so little wit,
That while thou gazest after fancies,
Thou tumble in a pit?
Wilt thou tell (looking on thy head) what
weather it will be,
And deadly danger at thy foot,
Thou hast no eyes to see:
Wee give no credit to thy flattery,
Nor do esteeme thee wise,
To tumble headlong in a well,
With gazing in the skyes.

Morall.

Many, with this Astronomer,
Great knowledge will pretend;
Those gifts they haue, their haughty pride
Will to the skyes commend,
Their lookes must be aspyring
For ambition aymes on hye,
Fortunes aduancements make them dream
Of Castles in the skyes:

But while bewitching vanity
Deludes them with some shew
A sudden alteration, with
A vengeance, pulls them down
And when the meanest sort
Whom they doe abhor
Will stand in scorne, and
And censure of their fall

Great Alexander came to
Gaby Mansion, being a
And stood directly opposite
Betwene me and the
Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher
I paid the time of day.
Harry (sayd I) then, Comptrolle
I praythe stand away:
For thou beprimest
Thy power hath not to gine,
For all thy mighty fellow
That on earths foot-ball line:
Stand backe, I say, and
To wrong me in my right:
The Sonne would shine
But thou tak'it away his light.
With this he slept asleepe from me,
And smiling, did intreate
That I would be a Courtier,
For he liked my conceit:
He haue thy house bright
I like thy veyne to
A neighbour very nere to me,
I meane to haue the
If thou bestow that payne
Pray when the worke is done,
Remoue thy Court, and carry that

Diogenes Laertius

A good way from my Tan.
 I care not for thy neighbour's good,
 Thy Treasure, trash I hold it for
 I doe esteeme my Lantern better,
 As much as all thy gold.
 The coldest chere that earth affordeth
 (Take sea and ayre to boote)
 I make farre less account thereof
 Then of a Carret roote.
 For all the Robes upon thy backe,
 So costly, rich, and strange,
 This playne peeze Colone, thou hast
 Thye bare, I will not change
 For all the Pearle and precious stones
 That are at thy command,
 I will not giue this little Babe
 That here is in my hand.
 For all the Cities, Countries, Townes,
 And Kingdome's thou hast got,
 I will not giue this empty Vnt
 For I regard them not.
 Nay, if thou wouldest exchange thy Crowne
 For this same Cap I weare;
 Or giue the Scepter for my Staffe;
 I would not do't, I sweare.
 Dost see this Tub? I tell thee,
 It is my Common wealth.
 Dost see yon water? I tell thee,
 Doth keepe me sound in health.
 Dost see these notes that goe about
 The place of my abode?
 These are the dignities which I esteeme
 My bak'd, my roste, my sod
 Dost see my simple thre-foote stalle
 It is my Chayre of state.
 Dost see my poore playne wooden Dish

Diogenes Laertius

It is my Master plate.
 Dost sit my wardrope?
 This patched seeme-rent gowne
 Dost sit you mat and ballad
 Why thy are my bed of Downe.
 Thou count'st me a poore
 Masse, good carefull thing.
 When thou art often sighing
 I cherefull sit and sing.
 Content dwelles not in
 And Courts of many men:
 For, if it did, assure thy self
 I would turne Courtier thyng
 So, Alexander, thyng
 To censure on me so,
 That I my swete contented
 (For troubles will forgoe:
 Of a reposed life,
 Can make a full report,
 That haue more vertues in
 Then is in all thy Court.
 For what perils that,
 Ambition, Envy, Pride,
 Oppression, wrongs and
 Nay, every thing beside.
 These are not for my company
 He rather dwell thus odde.
 Who euer walkes among
 Had neede to goe well shod
 On nightmen I can
 Let halter crouch and creepe:
 The world is naughty
 A loose league with it both
 A Colone is heauy
 It makes thy head to ache,
 Great Alexander,

The greatest he both to make
 Who seeketh rest, and for the same
 Doth to the Court repaire :
 As wise, like him, that in the Court
 Doth seeke to find a Paragon
 If thou hadst all the world thine own
 He takes the best and best of all
 That would not suffice :
 Thou art an Eagle (mighty man)
 And Eagles catch no flies
 I like thee for thy patience well,
 Which thou dost shew, to hear me
 He teach thee somewhat for thy paynes
 Draw but a little nearer me :
 Some honest words that I have
 That I see to thee with care
 Thou dost not care to take
 As thou art like to goe.

Further already hath decreed
 Or shortly heere to see
HE that performes not what he ought
 But doth the same he ought
 Let him be sure not to receive
 The thing he doth expect
 When once the tall and lofty Tree
 Vnto the ground doth fall
 Why, every Peasant hath an Axe
 To hew his bough withall
 He that for vertue merites well
 And yet doth nothing for himself
 A double kind of recompence
 Deserueth for the same
 Acquaint me but with whom thou
 And thy companions sell
 I will resolve thee what thou doest
 Whether ill done or well

He knowes enough that knoweth himselfe
If he can silence keepe:
The tongue oft maketh the heart to sigh,
The eyes to wayle and weepe.
He takes the best and choycest course,
Of any man doth liue,
That takes good counsell, when his friend
Doth that rich lewell giue,
Good horse and bad (the Rider sayes)
Must both of the m haue spuries,
And he is sure to rise with fleas,
That lyes to sleepe with cures,
He that more kindnesse sheweth thee,
Then thou art vs'd vnto,
Eyth'er already hath deceiu'd,
Or shortly meanes to doe.
Birds of a feather and a kind **H**
Will still together flocke,
He'd need be very straight himselfe,
That doth the crooked mocke.
I haue obserued diuers sorts of men
Of all sorts old and young,
That he which hath the lesser heart,
Hath still the bigger tongue.
He that's a bad and wicked man,
Appearing good to the eyes,
May do thee many thousand wrongs,
Which thou canst neuer spy.
In present want, desire not his
Which doth thy helpe requyre,
The water that is farre off fetch'd,
Quencheth not neighbours fire.

He that hath money at his will
 Meate, drinke, and leasure
 But he that lackes must mend his pace
 Need a good Foot-man
 He that the office of a friend
 Vprightly doth respect,
 Must firmly love his friend professed
 With fault and with defect
 He that inioyes a white horse and
 A fayre and dainty wife
 Must needs find often cause by each
 Of discontent and strife
 Chuse thy companions of the good
 Or else conuerse with none
 Rather then ill accompanied
 Far better be alone
 Watch ouer words
 There hath much euill sprung
 Tis better stumble with thy feet
 Then stumble with thy tongue
 Not outward habit
 That doth aduance thy fame
 The golden bridle beuise
 A lade that weares the cove
 The greatest ioye
 At length with sorrow meete
 Taste hony with thy fingers
 And surfeit not on sweet
 A Lye can doe more harme
 Worke wonders by his lye
 Turne Mounraynes into Melchilles
 And Elephants to asse

Richards

Children that were brought up in
Their Parents choler and griefe,
And attribute all their ill humors
Vnto their foregone mothers griefe
When sicknesse entereth into their
And life begins to yeeld,
Mans sort of flesh to partlye
And death must win the field
The flatterer before thy face
With smiling looks will flatter
Presenting honey in his mouth
A Razor in his hand.
The truly noble mind
The base and seruill feare
Who euer tels a foole
Had need to find him cares.
To meddle with his
Would were a wife
Tis better to be
To make a dog his dog
The first wheele of the Carre
Dost yeeld the great
Three women make a
They have sufficient
First leafe all foole
With stedfast fixed eyes
In this, All other
And they, exceeding wise,
When once the Lion
Whom all the forest
The very Heart
Will pull him by the beard

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,
Though inconuenience grow:
A wise man will not see time lose,
For feare of every Crow.

One man can neuer doe so well,
But some man will him blame:
Tis vaine to seeke to please all men,
loue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in Misery
Doe not affliction add:
With sorrow to loade sorrows backe,
Is most extremely bad.

Shew mee good fruit on euill tree,
Or Rose that growes on thistle;
He vnder take at sight thereof
To drinke to thee and whistle.

Censure what conscience rests in him,
That sweares he iustice loues.
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To punish simple Doves.

There's many that to aske might haue,
But his owne silence crost:
What charge is speech vnto thy tongue,
By asking pray what's lost,

He serues for nothing that is iust,
And faithfull in his place:
Yet for his duty well performed,
Is not a whit in Grace.

He makes himselfe anothers slaue,
And seares doe vndergoe,
That vnto one being ignorant,
Doth his owne secrets shew,

Diogenes Laërtius.

On Neptune wrongfull he complainer
That oft hath been in danger,
And yet to his devouring waues
Doth not become a stranger.

Age is an honorable thing
And yet though yeers be so,
For one wise man with hoary haire,
Three dozen Fooles I know.

FINIS.

